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1866 n

Amherst College Class of 1866

AMHERST COLLEGE.
'66.

CHRONICLES
CHRONICLES

OF THE

CLASS OF 1866,

Amherst College.

IN THIRD SERIES.

WAS' TAKAMIN EDAERN.

RECEIVED BY THE CLASS

(December, 1881.)

Published by the Class,

DECEMBER, 1881.

1860

CHURCHES

1860

Amherst College

1860

1860

1860

1860

Amherst college, Class of 1866

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L. J. 152

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BAKER & GODWIN, PRINTERS,
25 PARK ROW, N. Y.

*Given to the Library
Dec. 26, 1931*



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1866.

1862-'3.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

PRESIDENT,	WILLIAM P. FISHER.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	JOSEPH W. FAIRBANKS.
SECRETARY,	CHARLES H. PARKHURST.
HISTORIAN,	ALFRED E. WHITAKER.

1863-'4.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

PRESIDENT,	JOSEPH W. FAIRBANKS.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	SAMUEL C. SMITH.
SECRETARY,	SAMUEL I. CURTISS, JR.
HISTORIAN,	CHARLES J. WOODBURY.

1864-'5.

JUNIOR YEAR.

PRESIDENT,	ROYAL M. COLE.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	H. HUMPHREY NEILL.
SECRETARY,	CHARLES H. CHANDLER.
HISTORIAN,	GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

1865-'6.

SENIOR YEAR.

PRESIDENT,	VINCENT MOSES.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	WILLIAM BELCHER.
SECRETARY,	SAMUEL C. SMITH.
HISTORIAN,	CHARLES R. PHIPPS.

1866-'9.

PRESIDENT,	WINSLOW WOOD.
SECRETARY,	GEORGE BRAYTON.

1869-'71.

PRESIDENT,	GEORGE HARRIS.
SECRETARY,	HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

1871-'86.

*PRESIDENT,	ASA A. SPEAR.
*SECRETARY,	HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

* Re-elected in 1876 and in 1881.

THIS book of ours is fortunate in several things, not in the least that it needs no preface. In its frank and cordial pages we are brothers once more, each reciting in the presence of all, as in the old days at Amherst, not what we have learned—or more likely failed to learn—since yesterday from some difficult text-book, but the actual, practical results and lessons of fifteen years of labor, failure, success; of life, love and death. How little of what we in college expected for ourselves and predicted for each other, has been realized, these narratives will abundantly prove; not less do they demonstrate that every man of our class is doing faithfully and well his allotted work without repining or complaining. Every volume of the CHRONICLES makes more clear the fact that '66 was a better class than we fifteen years ago gave it credit for; that the errors and mistakes of our class politics have wholly disappeared, leaving no trace of bitterness; and that in no class, graduate or under-graduate, has the friendship of true manliness firmer hold and finer development than in the '66 of to-day. From the East to the West; from SMITH, 2d, under the rising sun

“Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile,”

to PAINE, in the sunset of the Pacific coast, all the letters are earnest, sincere and fraternal. Our wives and “olive branches,” our dead, of the class and of our families, admonish us that we are boys no longer, that the duty of the hour is action, and forever fidelity to each other and every true man,

“Till dawns the great Commencement Day on every shore
and sea

And *expectantur* all mankind to take their last degree.”

H. L. B.

CHRONICLES.

ALLEN.

[From the College Obituary Record, 1876.]

LABAN WHEATON ALLEN, the son of Rev. Cyrus W. and Mary F. Allen, and a brother of the late Rev. R. H. Allen of '62, was born in Pelham, N. H., Dec. 11, 1843. He fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover. His theological education was obtained at Andover Seminary, where he graduated in 1869. October 13th of the same year, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational Church in South Braintree, Mass., from which charge he was dismissed May 14th, 1872, on account of the failure of his health. The following year he was a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, at Greeley, Col.; but his health still declining, he made a voyage to Europe, and spent a year at Nice, France. Returning, he spent another year at Los Angeles, Cal. Journeying homeward again, he reached his father's house in Hanover, Mass., July 1, 1875, and died there of pulmonary consumption, Aug. 23, 1875.

Mr. Allen was greatly respected and beloved by his church in South Braintree and the people of Greeley, Col., to whom he preached, as an able minister and a high-minded Christian gentleman. He was never married.

IN MEMORIAM.

LABAN WHEATON ALLEN was one of the most conscientious men I ever knew. He was as simple-hearted as a child, and in the ways of the world as unsophisticated. I never knew him to do a selfish act during my three years association with him at college. His mind was not of a quick or brilliant order; but he was endowed with the gift of plodding, and had an eager ambition, which made him an industrious student. What Allen once stored in his memory by laborious study was always ready for after use. He seldom forgot what he had once mastered.

Laban Allen seemed eminently fitted for the ministry he chose

as his life work; for his conviction of the truths of Christianity was profound, and he felt a burning solicitude that all should realize their importance, as he did. He was not one of the sombre, sanctimonious kind of Christians; but had a sunny nature, and did not believe that all the pleasures of this life had to be renounced in order to secure an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. Had he been spared to a long life of labor, he would have accomplished much good in the world. Yet I was not surprised to hear of his decline and death, for in college days his constitution was frail, and he had a strong predisposition to lung trouble.

I knew very little of Allen's career after Commencement day, since we did not maintain a regular correspondence; but from several sources I learn that he made an acceptable preacher, an excellent pastor, and always a man of unquestioned integrity.

PLINY BARTLETT (his chum in '66).

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 12, '81.

BAKER.

Baker's late communications have been dated from Pittsfield, Mass., and from "private sources" we learn that he is engaged in the furniture business in that charming and ambitious town.

BALL.

Ball now fills a Baptist pastorate in the City of Elms, New Haven, Conn., and merely writes "same old story with a few years added," which leads the secretary to cherish the earnest hope that Ball's parishioners may never complain of the length of his sermons.

BARLOW.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES OF '66:

I have but little to add to the story of the last edition of the Chronicles of '66. The flight of time has intensified, rather than

enlarged, my experience, save in a few particulars. One of these particulars is "a nice little boy," so his mother calls him, now three years old. He was born at Easton, Pa., October 14, 1878. His name is Harrington. In the summer of '79 I left Lafayette College, intending to settle down in Boston "and grow up with the country," but fate was too strong for me, and so, after a sojourn of the better part of the year in Brooklyn, I suddenly found myself in charge of a girls' boarding school. Think of it! This is another of the particulars I mentioned. Tilden Seminary is a chartered institution with a good record for twenty-five years. I invite you all to come and see how we get on. Morrill has already made me a call. We can show you seventy-five nice young ladies (if you don't come pretty soon, perhaps a hundred) and a commodious house amid the most charming scenery of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. The latch-string is always out for all of you, and for your daughters when they are ready to "go away to school."

Nearly ten years at Lafayette College and I presume, if life and health are spared, at least ten years here. So you can all easily remember. If any change occurs, I will hope to tell you all about it in 1886—for I expect to be at the appointed reunion, and hope to see every member of '66.

Yours cordially, E. HUBBARD BARLOW.

BARTLETT.

Bartlett, writing from Topeka, Kansas, headquarters of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, that great "Colossus of Roads," classes himself as an "editor and literary skirmisher," and answering the inquiry as to the titles and dates of his publications, continues: "Newspaper editorials and correspondence; also edited several school books of eclectic series, published in Cincinnati, by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. Cannot give titles or dates. Left Minneapolis, Minn., 1875, for Cincinnati, O., where for six years I was principal assistant in the editorial department of the extensive school book house of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. Came to Topeka, May, 1881. My duties here are editorial."

BELCHER.

Belcher reported in person at the reunion last summer that he was still practicing law in New London, and, with his clients, deriving therefrom more than the average amount of success and satisfaction. His family record has not been supplied for the present series of Chronicles.

BELL.

NUNDA, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1881.

DEAR CLASSMATES OF '66:

As one name after another is starred on our class roll, and we draw nearer to the final goal, a sacredness gathers around the old college days, and the memory of classmates all.

Out in the busy world I have tried to bear my humble part. Graduating at Bangor Seminary, July 30, 1868, I was ordained Aug. 5th, and married, Aug. 11th, to Miss Emma H. Curtiss, who has contributed what only a true and noble woman can towards my happiness and success.

Three beautiful girls scatter sunbeams in our home: Gertrude, born April 4, '71; Maude, born May 30, '74, and Florence, born May 23, '78.

Two baby boys wait for us on the heavenly shore: Herbert, born Aug. 4, '69, died Jan. 15, '70, and Frank, born Sept. 29, '72, died Jan. 10, '73. God has given us great satisfaction in the work to which He has called us, and crowned our labors with His blessing. In 1873 we left a pleasant pastorate to engage in foreign missionary work, but were compelled to return home in '76, in order to save Mrs. Bell's life.

I am now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nunda, and she presides at the parsonage, where any member of dear old '66 will find a welcome from the happy family.

With growing interest in you all,

I am, very sincerely,

NEWTON H. BELL.

BISHOP.

[From the *N. Y. Herald*, April 1, ?]

PERSONAL.—Information wanted of Edward N. Bishop, formerly of the Amherst College Class of 1866. When last heard from was a travelling boot and shoe salesman, with headquarters in Boston.

BLAKE.

SODA BAY HOTEL, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.,

June 13th, 1881.

Its no use ! You really must count me out from the reunion this year—that is to say—so far as bodily presence is concerned. Having acted so unprofessionally heretofore as to make two trips east at my own expense (in one of which, fortunately, I met some of you at our last Class gathering), I have now become conscience stricken, and have vowed a vow that the next time I visit the Atlantic coast I will do it in the orthodox legal way, to wit, at the expense of some hapless client who shall bleed gold therefor at every pore. Such a victim I have watched for this summer, but he wilfully refuses and neglects to appear. My clients all seem culpably engrossed in home matters, and I find myself obliged to lay the venue of all my actions in California. Perhaps they are afraid to trust me so far out of their sight as New York or Washington. I shall have, therefore, to throw myself upon the superior confidence of "'66," and ask to be allowed to present my case this time "upon briefs" instead of orally.

I believe that the last five years have wrought no very visible changes, except that I find of late an increasing tendency on the part of my barber, to hint at the virtues of his favorite and especial hair restorative. A few years more, and I presume that as soon as I remove my hat in any theater lobby, the usher will immediately want to take me to a front seat, among the other "bald heads."

I am still practicing law in San Francisco, as the junior partner in the firm of "*Blake & Blake*," office at No. 417 Kearny street. Our business is of a quiet though somewhat laborious

sort, being largely in the line of probate cases, and from it I derive a comfortable livelihood, but expect no sudden accession to wealth.

I have thus far found my profession a sufficiently exacting mistress for my strength, and have done next to nothing in the way of literary work or special studies. My health, though fair, is not robust, and I am obliged to take care of myself as I go along.

For the last three years I have been a "householder" at San Rafael, a pleasant and healthful suburb of San Francisco. Although married long enough now to have become entitled to a "tin wedding" some months ago, my wife and I have but one child, a bright and promising little girl of four years, who, of course, is quite sufficiently idolized.

At the present we are all away in the "lake country" of California, on a long summer vacation; which accounts for the unusual heading of this letter.

I have a very warm place in my heart for all the members of "'66," and shall hope that a new edition of the Class Chronicles will soon "carry the news" to me of how they have all fared and prospered.

Five years hence, I trust I may be able to answer "present" when the roll is called, but, whether present or absent, I shall always be, with the pleasantest of recollections and the best of good wishes, your and their sincere friend and comrade,

MAURICE B. BLAKE.

BLISS.

CLINTON, CONN., Oct. 4th, 1881.

My report for the new Chronicles may be briefly made. Have before reported preaching at Centre Harbor, N. H., and South Hadley. I began preaching in Clinton, Conn., near the close of 1874. My regular engagement dates Jan. 1st, 1875, so that I have been here about seven years.

I deserve a class medal for increasing the posterity of the Class. Some other member may have done better, if so I yield my claim.

J. H. BLISS.

BOARD.

Writing from Chester, N. Y., Board says: "I have continued since graduation in the same business—lumber and feed—and with good success. Do not accumulate money fast but surely, and am thoroughly content. I have been three times supervisor of the town of Chester, but received no other political preferment.

BOND.

Bond still continues in business in Chicago, according to Moody, who in a recent letter says that he hasn't seen him for years, though married and having two children.

BRADBURY.

LINCOLN CENTER, Kansas, May 31, 1881.

Tell "the boys" for me that I am still alive, enjoying life as a missionary or circuit rider. I have a very pleasant home here in Lincoln Center. My father, now that mother is dead, lives with us, and preaches and works with all his might. He is 76 years old, too.

I have a wife and three little children, all girls. I find, as I stay here, I have plenty of friends and plenty of enemies, but I have plenty of joy according as I serve God and trust in Him.

I still feel a strong love for my old classmates of '66, and I would try and be at the reunion; but its no use. My love to all the old boys. Let us all prepare for a glorious reunion on the other side of the river.

Yours in '66,

H. C. BRADBURY.

BRIDGMAN.

Seven years more of sleep in Brooklyn and work in New York have only confirmed the faith of the secretary of the class in the

truth of the late Mr. J. H. Payne's somewhat familiar remark, that "there's no place like home." That is to say, that if a man really wants life with all the modern improvements, there's no place like New York. Here, insured by Trask against danger and loss by fire in this life, warned by Parkhurst against similar risks in that to come, taught mathematics and all other branches of human knowledge by Dike, the road to Greenwood made straight and easy by Peirce, and the effects and orphans intrusted to the tender mercies of Spear 1st and Valentine, what, in the words of the ancient inquirer, "lack I yet?" If any member of '66 is as well "fixed," I shall be glad to hear from him. My present connection, now of nearly four years' standing, is with Frank Leslie's Publishing House, in charge of one of its business departments, to which I went directly from *The Tribune*, and apparently is likely for some time to continue. A full list of my principal publications to date, to which I shall ever "point with pride," may be found in its proper place in this volume. The daily demands of active business leave no time for regrets, and but little for recollection, but they will never be so exacting as to usurp the constant interest and sincere regard I have for the success and good fortune of all my classmates of '66.

BROWN.

In the last Chronicles (1874) Brown wrote, "Something eventful may happen to me before long." Reference to the statistical pages at the close of these Chronicles will show that this expectation was well founded. Brown is still connected with the auction and real estate agency house of E. H. Ludlow & Co., New York city, and will supply every member of '66 with the very best house for the least money. In his personal letter answering the Chronicles circular, Brown writes: "I want to say that I enjoyed very sincerely our reunion of last June, and shall look forward with pleasure to our next, at which as 'Pater' Neill suggested, we should meet with our *impedimenta*, or rather helpmeets."

CHANDLER.

"After graduating, taught classics at Williston Seminary one year; was principal of Hopkins High School at Hadley two years; principal of Glenwood Ladies' Seminary at Brattleboro', Vt., one year; started a school in Northampton, Mass., in 1870, called Norwood Ladies' Institute; went to Springfield in 1872 and worked for Samuel Bowles on *The Republican* till Sept. 1, 1877; then came to Boston and took a position on *The Herald*, where I am still employed.

"We have a pleasant home on Wigglesworth street, Boston Highlands, where we shall be pleased to welcome any brother of '66 who may favor us with a call.

"C. H. CHANDLER."

COLE.

The following letter from Cole was written in response to the circular of invitation to the Class reunion, at Amherst, in July, 1881, and is here given in lieu of later advices:

ENCAMPMENT (near ERZROOM), July 12, 1881.

It may be you on that upper side, where the steam cars hum and the telephones unite distant cities in social and musical converse, count 8,000 miles a small thing, but, I trow, it is because you have brought the science to such a pitch as we down in the darkness and lethargy of Turkey have not yet come. Though I have driven my engine worth some \$25, up and down our field something less than a thousand miles the past year, two of which trips brought me out to the conjunction of Persia, Russia and Turkey, where I could kick old Ararat on the south; and the second to Erivan plain in Russia, on the north of the sacred mountain; yet this method of locomotion is getting no easier for me fast, especially when we take into account the apostolical thorn-in-the-flesh which the hardships of the past three years have brought upon me in the form of a varicose limb. Hence I am thinking that, ere long, some of you will need to give me a chapter on "How *not* to Travel," at least outside of our own


New England diocese. In view of the great gap between us, why not throw out a mouth-piece, and let us chat through some of your new inventions, should you not find it convenient to call on Cole in his eastern home. If this be impracticable I *can* stand a letter from one or all of "the boys," as a good old method of their contributing to *my* part of the reunion. Certain it is, I find sufficient scope for my powers, especially pedestrian, here, though now and then, surely *now*, the mental and sympathetic part takes wings and speeds away to you in that clean and beautiful land. I think of the gathering of classmates that will likely have taken place not far from the time I am penning these words to you from the table lands of Asia.

Our mission doctor has looked in on us, and ruled me out of the field and work for a time of rest; but I have begged off from going to your beautiful America, and expect to pass the winter months, in company with my family (consisting—since the upward transfer of *three*, incident to our late weird experience under the war—of wife and two boys, the younger, Nelson Franklin, born June 8th, 1880) down in Syria, another part of sluggish Turkey. My address will be the same, as we hope to return here in the spring, to take up the weapons of our warfare that must needs be laid by for a season. Should you wish to hit us while down in Palestine, you might drive right straight with your eyes for Mt. Pisgah, which, if we find high enough to get sight of you, may insure you a "nudge" from us in that far off land.

With kindest salutations and a cordial invitation to have your next reunion with me, on the top of Mount Ararat, I subscribe myself in my two Turkey languages, which, being otherwise interpreted, means

"LITTLE COLE OF '66."

(Read forwards,)



امریقالی موسیو قول

(Read backwards,)

COOLEY.

The business of the Medlicott Manufacturing Company at Windsor Locks, Conn., still engages Cooley's services, though he retains his residence, as of yore, at Longmeadow.

COWAN.

After leaving Amherst, Cowan took his theological course at Princeton and New York. He took charge of two Presbyterian churches—at Rogersville and New Market, Tennessee, in July, 1869, and was President of Rogersville Female College, in connection with supply of the church, 1871-1872. He removed to Jonesboro', Tenn., and supplied till 1877, taking a trip to Europe in 1876. Next he rested one year at Knoxville, and 1878 removed to Wellesley, Mass., where he supplied till April, 1879, where he was installed pastor over the Congregational church. He is "keeping house" at the parsonage, and, with Mrs. Cowan, will always have a welcome for any of '66. Trials and joys have both been given, yet with mercy the cup runneth over. A great shadow fell upon the home in 1879; but it has served—it is believed—to fix the eye more steadily upon the one great hope of the future.

CURTISS.

Promptly on his return to Chicago, from his summer's absence in Germany, Curtiss furnished the secretary with a full and accurate record of his life, adventures, works, degrees, etc., all of which will be found in detail, in their proper place. (See pages 58 and 61, Chronicles of the Class of 1866, third edition New York, 1881).

DAME.

Swampscott, Mass., is given as Dame's latest post-office address by the Amherst authorities; probably while he was enjoying the summer vacation, bestowed upon favorite pastors, by fortunate city congregations like Dame's in Boston. No direct information from him, however, has been received.

DAVISON.

R. E. Davison sends his best wishes to all of '66. But little in my experience since last report that calls for typing. As health has permitted, my time has been mainly occupied in improving others' "timers." Shall ever be pleased to see or hear from any of '66; and for a while may be found at 354 Main st., Springfield, Mass.

November 30, 1881.

DIKE.

The fortunate institution in New York, where Dike expounds the beauties of mathematics and other things to fortunate young ladies, still continues to retain his services.

FAIRBANKS.

After the publication of the last Chronicles Fairbanks removed from Norwalk, Conn., to Worcester, Mass., and the principalship of its High School. In 1879 he transferred his flag to Williston Seminary, Easthampton, where he soon brought order out of chaos, discipline out of defect and despondency, and, in general, caused the institution to "brace up" and take a new start worthy its record, as the *alma mater* of such men as Fairbanks and the principal fitting school for Amherst College. Fairbanks still continues in charge of the Seminary, now on the flood tide of prosperity, and if he isn't satisfied with this "puff" of himself and his institution he has only himself to blame, for he didn't answer the secretary's "Chronicles" circular.

FISH.

If Fish has anything new to report, or if any member desires to speak for him, ample space will be accorded in the next edition of the "Chronicles," though postponement until that uncertain day is to be regretted. No information has been received for the current volume.

FISHER.

At present I am the down-easter of the class, the last representative (I believe) as one goes toward the sun-rising before reaching the "high table lands of Armenia." And I boast of being the nearest to the lobster, blueberry, and ice of commerce, and to fly-fishing on the Molechunkamunk and Moostocomaguntic. What is still less expected is that I am preaching to a congregation which includes the students and faculty of Bowdoin College, among the latter the Amherst tutor in geometry in the autumn of 1862. Two years ago I was installed here as pastor, and took up a work which I heartily approve of and enjoy.

FRENCH.

After leaving '66 at Amherst, French taught for several years in Philadelphia and Madison, N. J., and graduated in 1866, as a physician, at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He afterwards practiced his profession in Chicago, where he was married in 1878. His death, at Kansas City, August 24th, 1879, was entirely sudden and unexpected, its immediate cause having been hemorrhage of the lungs.

GAYLORD.

The events of a country parson's life are not very striking, but may be briefly summed up as follows:

After graduation, I taught for four years in Frederica and Milford, Del. In 1870, entered the Middle Class in Lane Theological Seminary; married July 27, 1871, to Annie E. Foulk, of Milford; graduated from Lane in May, 1872; settled for one year as Licentiate in Hautsburgh, Geauga Co., O.; in May, 1873, was ordained and installed Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Georgetown, Kent Co., Md., where I remained for seven and one half years; in October, 1880, removed on account of poor health to Paradise, Lancaster Co., Pa., where I was installed November 16th over the Leacock Presbyterian Church. Wishing all health, prosperity and the peace of God,

Yours truly,

Leaman Place, Lancaster Co., Pa.,
November 30, 1881.

E. W. GAYLORD.

HARRIS.

PROVIDENCE, June 6, 1881.

The proposed meeting of the remnants of '66 meets my heartiest approval, yet at the same time makes me unhappy because I cannot enjoy the festivities of the occasion. I am to sail for Europe the same week, and have not that ubiquity which is desirable under such circumstances.

Sixty-six is not a bad class as classes go, and will come out right, if time enough is given. Please express my regret at losing this 15th reunion, with the hope that we shall all be present in 1886.

Yours truly,

GEORGE HARRIS.

A recent letter from Providence states that Rev. George Harris, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of that city, will remain abroad until the Spring of 1882.

HORTON.

No intelligence has been received from Horton, who is believed to enjoy the solitary distinction of being the only member of '66 from whom, since graduation, no direct and authentic information has been obtained. A case for Pinkerton.

HUFFORD.

Instruction in Latin and Greek in the Indianapolis (Ind.) High School engages the attention of Hufford, who for six years was superintendent of the schools of New Castle, in that State, and later of those of Henry county.

KIMBALL

Is at present teaching Physics in the Worcester Free Institute, Worcester, Mass. He has not studied Law, Theology nor Medicine, neither has he received any honorary degrees. He married Miss Eunice M. Beede early in the winter of '66. The following winter Albert B. Kimball, the class boy, was born. In July, '68, his wife died. In '71 he married Miss Ellie M.

Everett, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. His youngest son, Everett, is seven years old, and his only daughter, Eleanor, is two and one-half. He is not responsible for any publications if we except a half-dozen articles in the *American Journal of Science* and *Van Nostrand's Engineering*, and a little manual on Thermodynamics published for the use of his class.

Albert, the class boy, is in the city high school, and seems to be doing quite well.

Kimball enjoys his work, has ample time for study, and sees no reason why he may not regard Worcester as his home.

KING.

From 1866 to 1874, King was in West Virginia, engaged in the manufacture of salt and mining of coal. From '74 to '80, he was occupied in the construction and management of railroads in and near New York. In October, 1880, he became general manager of the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad, a position he still occupies, residing in Norfolk, Va.

LIPPITT.

The courts and bar of New London are still familiar with Lippitt, and his practice in both is said to be in the highest degree creditable to his early training at Amherst.

MARSH.

No announcement has been received of any change in Marsh's "life and calling" since his appearance in the last Chronicles, as engaged in the practice of law at Chicago, Ill.

MOODY.

They haven't heard of the "tenure of office act" in Chicago. Moody, writing from his desk in the city clerk's office, says: "I have nothing to add to that contained in the last Chronicles. I

am in the same business, same wife and family, and the only change is in my age."

MORRILL.

GENTLEMEN OF '66:

"What shall we say then?" I want to write a particularly "Phunny" letter and play young, as my heart is only sweet sixteen, although my great body (44) is getting "awearry of this little world." Merchant of Venice (Act I, Scene II). Rhetorical Exercise, boys! old chapel, Wednesday P. M., Prof. Vose. But it will never do, for my sons and daughters would not understand it, and might run wild the rest of their natural days. Yes, as I wrote Bridgman, a few days since, the lengthening shadows of the afternoon of life are drawing on apace for most of us, gentlemen, and soon it will be the twilight and then night? No! but the rosy dawn of a better, a grander day, limitless as the Infinite.

But what have you been doing, Morrill, all these years? you ask. Oh!—everything. Seem to have a wonderful versatility of talent and an India-rubber adaptability to all the varied occupations of life, as most men have who must rear and educate three sons and two daughters. When I began life I expected to do some great thing (exploit is it?), and then die. You know, boys, how very natural that feeling was in our day; but God has otherwise ordered and directed me to do infinitesimal detailed little things and live on. I accept the situation most cheerfully and try to do those little things well, without any hope or expectation of reward, simply because it's clear that my highest happiness lies in this direction.

By referring to the Class Chronicles of '69 I noticed that I wrote of risking my precious life for the nation during the Civil War; of engaging in the insurance business subsequently in New York city three years.

Then of my marriage in 1866 to Sarah Chamberlain Bell, Class '65, Mt. Holyoke Seminary; birth of two children—Gertrude L. (now 14, and reading Cæsar. Great shades of Scipio,

how old we are growing!); and Calvin Morrill. And, lastly, of the beginning of my official career as an officer of the Customs, Port of New York.

In Chronicles of 1874 I wrote that I was "still collecting the revenues of this great and growing country, and still trying to maintain a great and growing family."

Well, like a good, ripe apple (I hope), I fell from the political tree in the autumn of that year (and left political life with the kindest regards and best wishes of my friend and chief, Gen. Arthur, now President of the United States); and was instantly devoured by a monster ambition to engage in the work of general education and the diffusion of knowledge.

The first I accomplished quickly, as my stock was limited and the field small. Besides, I wasn't appreciated like all *great* educators, even by myself, and it evidently wasn't my "forte" exactly. I "acted" as Principal of the Moore's Mills' Institute (with 4 teachers and 25 pupils), a little boarding school near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., nearly a year; and this little recreation involved an outlay of only a thousand with much experience in return.

Then I retreated to my native heath, old Vermont, in "good order," and took up with the other horn of the *delirium*, viz., "the diffusion of knowledge." It took the form of selling books. Book agent, you exclaim, *omnes!* Oh, no; General Bookseller, Importer, &c., representing Charles Scribner & Sons, New York, with residence in Bellows Falls, Vt.

And now as to the "growing family."

Some years since, I had the pleasure of meeting personally that prince among men, Tom Hughes, in New York, in company with a little party of friends.

I remember that among other good things he remarked: "The ambition of an Englishman is to found a family, while that of the American is to found an institution." Now, I have resigned on the institution, and taking back to my old English stock have "found" a family.

One "sweet little cherub went up aloft" (Calvin, in '71) from Brooklyn. But four have blossomed into life since, so now

we have three sons and two daughters—Harry Bell, George Pillsbury, James Percival, all of whom, although they will be eligible, yet will be pledged not to accept the Presidency of the United States, for obvious reasons. Names of daughters, Gertrude Lee and Julie Chamberlain.

Well, dear old '66, I have now but one purpose in the few years, if any, left me here, and that is to make the most I can of these dear children committed to my charge.

You never can know how I rejoice in the brilliant success and greatness of so many of you who are eminent in the various trades and professions, and I shall ever watch your career with increasing interest. "*Perge, perge ad majora*," (Please, don't laugh). *Vale! Vale!*

"We part, we part, over the unknown sea;
We go, we go to mystery."

(Sweetser, Class poem, '62.)

JULIUS A. MORRILL.

MORRIS.

Thus briefly and tersely Morris sums up his account current with the world to date:

"After six years of preaching and teaching at Lake Mohegan, Peekskill, N. Y., I was called to assist in All Saints' Church and St. John's School in Sing Sing, N. Y. Was hard at work there for three years. Then I went to Fairfield, N. Y., where I staid two years, preaching and acting as chaplain of Fairfield Seminary.

On the 1st of January, 1881, I accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, in Bethany, Conn."

MOSES.

Your circular and note suggest another look at the existing editions of our class "*Chronicles*," revive interest in the "*fellows*," and awaken expectation of the forthcoming edition.

Fifteen years! Is it possible?

In a personal review of this time one thing stands forth as supremely important; in fact, viewed as an abiding experience, it is the only thing of any value—the gift from Heaven of living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (in the spring of 1868), in distinction from a former, theoretical, inoperative, dead faith. This faith has been valuable *subjectively* for its assurance and comfort. *Objectively* its fruits have been meagre enough—some theological study, some preaching, some teaching, some business.

At present I am Postmaster at this place.

Fraternally,

VINCENT MOSES.

WEST MEDWAY, MASS., November 21, 1881.

NEILL.

My course after leaving Amherst was uninterrupted. The three years next after graduation were spent at Princeton Theological Seminary, and the next five at Fort Edward, N. Y., as pastor of the Presbyterian Church. In January, 1875, I came to Amherst and sat in the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature, though I did not fill it, and here I have been ever since. My residence here, where every year I see classes come back for their reunions, makes me blush more deeply than ever that we should have lost the full delight of our subsequent class-suppers by wickedly abandoning the first one. I am ashamed of my part of the blame, and I earnestly hope that our class will show the true and best side of their naturally manly natures by making unusual efforts to attend the next supper and reunion. We can do a great deal yet to undo the fault of the past. If you all could be where I am and see the heartiness and rejuvenation with which other classes meet and enjoy each other, you would sacrifice a good deal to come to our 20th anniversary.

Having made my little scream, I will go on to say that I was married December 22d, 1875, to Miss Abby W. Redfield, of Pittsfield, Mass. We have no children, but plenty of room for any of you who may drop down into these old haunts.

NOYES.

FLORIDA, N. Y., June 28, 1881.

Of myself, my history and my plans I have not much to communicate in addition to what you already know. I am now preaching in Florida, New York, where I have been for nearly two years, and where any of my friends shall receive a cordial welcome if they will call. Here in the enjoyment of my family, consisting of wife and four children, I am trying to do my duty as well as I can in that work which I have chosen as my life work.

With the best of wishes for every member of '66, and with the hope that at the next reunion I may meet them all,

I am yours sincerely, in the bonds of '66,

S. D. NOYES.

PAINE.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Nov. 10, 1881.

When, in 1870, I left the principalship of Columbus (Ohio) High School, after four years spent in teaching, there, in Dayton and Muncie, Ind., and came to California, I had then the design of pursuing horticulture, and began the business, but unfavorable circumstances forced me to abandon it, and follow again my profession of teaching. Being determined to become a grower of choice fruits at some future period, I began my teaching in this locality, so well adapted to horticulture, but not so inviting a field to the aspiring teacher. I became quite a veteran in the service I love so well, leaving it only in June, 1880. I have given my best energies to the pursuit and filled as worthily as I could all the educational positions this section affords, those of teacher, trustee, county superintendent, examiner and member of the county Board of Education, of which body I have the honor to be president.

Now I am domiciled with my dear wife and charming children in a nice home of our own, at the base of the foothills of Mt. San Bernardino, by the side of a beautiful mountain stream, in which I have an ownership: for here, in southern California

(lat. 34°), the cultivator must own water for irrigation to pass successfully through the long rainless summers. Our climate is delightful, the heat very rarely oppressive, and the cold never great. California, and especially this portion of it, is justly famed for choice and luscious fruits. No portion of the United States certainly could make so splendid and profuse an array of fruits as may be found at our horticultural fairs. The whole country of southern California is by nature barren and uninviting, and to make this desert blossom like the rose and yield a good income, requires not only labor but much skill.

Let my brothers, when wearied of professional life, as all men are sooner or later, come and make homes for themselves in this favored land.

You will meet a welcome from your brother,

CHAS. R. PAINE.

PARKHURST.

A Madison Square pastorate leaves Parkhurst time only to furnish the following "skeleton," as it were, of his sermon of life to date: "Principal of Amherst High School, from April, 1867, to July, 1869; studied in Germany during 1869-'70; taught in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, in 1870-'72; was married to Nellie Bodman, of Northampton, November 23d, 1870; studied in Germany in 1872-'74; called to pastorate of Congregational Church in Lenox, Mass., in 1874; remained there until Feb., 1880; installed over Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, March, 1880."

PEIRCE.

NEW YORK, June 28th, 1881.

Just at this time, the last moment, when I supposed that I had my plans all arranged to meet with the fellows at the class reunion, I find that I am to be disappointed, and, indeed, I am very much disappointed. I shall have to put up with it, though with very bad grace. I am in just the condition of the Dutchman's dead wife. When the lacrymose parson was viewing the

lifeless clay, and endeavoring to pour balm and oil into the wounded and bruised heart of the bereaved Teuton, he asked, among other questions, if the good lady was *resigned* to her fate. "Mein Gott! she had to be," responded the matter of fact husband. So, I'll *have* to be resigned to my failure to be with you all. My very warmest remembrances to all the classmates that gather with you. Tell them that fifteen years has added more than three times fifteen pounds to my avoirdupois. I am well, happy, barring the present disappointment, and prosperous.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY T. PEIRCE.

Answering the "Chronicles" circular, Peirce merely adds:

"I guess that the letter I sent, of regret from being unable to be with you all at the reunion, combines all my hopes and fears. Though, I might remark, that this baby of ours has arrived home in good order. "H. T. P."

PELTON.

SCENE—AMHERST COMMENCEMENT DAY, 1881.

Dramatis Personæ.

EDVARDUS PAYSON CROWELL, Mr., Tutor, Ling. et Lit. Lat. Prof. Moore, et Ling. Germ. Præc.

JOHANNES AMBROSIIUS DEADY, Mr., LL.B., Columb., 1868.

A GRADUATE OF 1866.

CROWELL (*loquitur*). [*Shaking hands with the Graduate.*] Yes, sir. I am very glad to see you back, sir. I must confess, though, that I have forgotten your name. What class did you say?

DEADY. You should know and recognize him well, Professor, now he has, as you see, his "Pelt-on."

[*Exeunt omnes. Nunc est bibendum.*]

Pelton spent the time from graduation until the summer of 1871 in the study and practice of law in New York city. He then removed to Poughkeepsie to engage in manufacturing, in which place and business he still continues.

PHELPS.

In May, 1881, Phelps and the secretary of '66 met, most unexpectedly, in the Palmer House, Chicago, the former being then

on his way to Minneapolis, Minn., to begin active work on contracts for the construction of a railroad in that State. He had just completed an extensive work in Maryland, which had fixed, his headquarters for some time in Washington, and having apparently abandoned politics and the Massachusetts Legislature permanently and "for better or for worse," Phelps may be counted on to build roads as long as the people want to pay him for them.

PHIPPS.

[From the College Obituary Record, 1877.]

CHARLES RICHARD PHIPPS, the son of Moses and Melissa (Crafts) Phipps, was born at Oxford, Mass., Dec. 1, 1841, and was prepared for college at Nichols' Academy, Dudley, Mass. His delicate health made it seem unwise for him to study a profession, and the three years immediately succeeding his graduation were spent in teaching; one year as principal of the High School in Shrewsbury, Mass., and two years as instructor in Latin and Higher English in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. But the effects of this sedentary life upon his health warned him of the necessity of changing his occupation, and, the next two years were spent in the life insurance business in Brookfield and then in St. Joseph, Mo.; first as agent, and then as assistant manager of the N. W. Missouri Department of the Life Association of America. But the progress of disease made another, and, as it proved, final change imperative, and in the spring of 1871 he removed to Denver, Col., where, as agent of the same insurance company, the remaining six years of his life were passed. He died there of consumption, March 17, 1877. He was prominently identified with the First Congregational Church and Sunday School of Denver, being, at the time of his death, organist of the one and teacher in the other.

Mr. Phipps was married Aug. 7, 1867, to Maria Allen Green, daughter of Charles Otis Green, Esq., of Shrewsbury, Mass. Mrs. Phipps, with two children, survives him.

IN MEMORIAM.

"CHARLES RICHARD PHIPPS, Born at Oxford, Mass., Dec. 1st, 1841. Died in Denver, Colorado, March 17th, 1877."

Such are the brief facts taken from the obituary record of Amherst College for the year 1877. This record tells also of his teaching three years and being engaged in the insurance busi-

ness for the rest of his life. It speaks of his years of delicate health and struggle with disease, till the brave fight was ended and death claimed the victory.

It was a victory, however, only in name. The grander victory belongs to him, who, with Christian faith and calm resignation to the will of the Infinite, passes with cheerfulness the gloomy portals which separate us from the Hereafter. Such consecrated courage was the possession of our classmate Phipps. Sitting beside him in the recitation room and standing near him in the gymnasium day after day, there comes no recollection of ever hearing an ungentlemanly or unchristian word.

He was active in all the religious work of the class, and free from cant. He was a faithful conscientious student and persevering in what he undertook. The faults he had to contend against, he fought with genuine Christian vigor. His death left a wide gap in our class.

Next to the sorrow of family and relatives is that which comes into a college class when one of its number is taken. And so, with our sorrow, we extend our heartfelt sympathy to those who, in the home circles, were more immediately bereaved in his death.

S. B. R.

AMHERST, Oct. 14th, 1881.

PLUMB.

The "very latest" from Plumb is received while the Chronicles are in press, under date of November 29, 1881, as follows:

"First Pastorate at Fort Scott, Kansas, from October, 1868, to December, 1874; from December, 1874, to October, 1876, at Springfield, Mo., where we have a college (Drury) located; from October, 1876, to October, 1879, at Joplin, Mo.; from October, 1879 to November, 1881, at Brookfield, Mo.; November 27th, 1881, called to the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Hannibal, Mo. I have organized two churches; built four church edifices, and have averaged an accession to the churches of which I have been Pastor of twenty members a year for the years of my ministry."

"My ministerial life has been an exceedingly happy one and never more happy or hopeful than now. I count it all joy to labor in this good work.

"Coming as I did, under peculiar circumstances, into the class of '66, the lapse of time makes me more and more appreciative of the uniform courtesy and kindness which I received from them. It will be one of the greatest of pleasures if I can be with them in '86."

RAND.

THE STORY.

*Affectionately Inscribed to the Class of '66, by the grateful
Author.*

Once there was a little boy named Stephen. He was born at a young and tender age in the great, wicked city of New York. When two years old, he migrated with his parents to the wilds of western Holyoke. This place has since become distinguished for making paper and selling liquor.

Stephen was a conceited boy, and like the majority of children, lacked somewhat in common sense; but a judicious use of an old slipper on the maternal, and an apple-tree switch on the paternal side of the house, soon knocked out some of the self-conceit, and beat in a little common sense.

When he was of a proper age, his father used to take him annually to visit Amherst College on Commencement Day. Little Stephen looked with awe and admiration upon the pale-faced, long-haired students, passed with no little fear the fierce-looking police with long poles who guarded the portals of the old village church, spent all his loose pennies for gingerbread and small beer on the village green, walked with open-mouthed wonder down the aisles of glass cases containing beetles and other "big bugs," and withal was filled with an ardent desire to "get an education." His wish was subsequently gratified. After two years at Williston Seminary, where he was noted for his skill in pulling the bell-rope and the organ-tail for an adequate pecuniary consideration, and where he did the hardest study of his life,

after a year with freshmen in the redoubtable class of '65, and another year at the war, he became a distinguished member of the class of '66.

Stephen did *not* take the valedictory in his class, "Circumstances over which he had no control" prevented. He was, however, kindly permitted by the Faculty to say a little piece concerning "Church Music," which took him four minutes and sixteen seconds, or thereabouts, to deliver.

After graduation he spent three years in Rochester, New York, studying theology. In this city he also found a good wife, who has been a loving help-meet for the last twelve years. The first six years of their married life was spent in Maulmain, Burmah, where they had a pleasant home, notwithstanding its heathenish surroundings. While there is much in the work distasteful, according to Western ideas, still they enjoyed it very much, and with sincere regret bade farewell to the dear home and the affectionate but uncouth people, and came again to America on account of Stephen's rheumatism. He fondly hoped to be soon well again. But after a few years it became evident that nothing would cure him, and so, with his family, he came to live in old Amherst, where he will be glad to see any members of '66 who chance to come that way.

Everybody has been kind to him, from Uncle Sam, who gives him a pension on account of his infirmity, down to the black *factotum*, rejoicing in the euphonious name of "Durrumlingerrrr," who used to tote along his personal effects in Burmah.

A private letter from Bartlett to the author, written a few years ago, says: "You missionary fellows believe in the motto '*crescite et multiplicamini*,'" and inquires after the size of the family. Two arrivals since then. The statistical table will explain. In the language of the old ladies, the children are "naturally bright." Ask Win. Wood. He has seen 'em.

APPENDIX A.

The author must beg pardon of the other Stephens in the class for appropriating the name for the hero of his story.

APPENDIX B.

If the above Latin quotation is not correct, either Parkhurst

or Blake will please make it right. The author has mislaid his Latin Grammar, and Bartlett's letter is not at hand.

Erratum.

For "distinguished member" read "member of the distinguished class." A stupid blunder of the author's private secretary.

ROE.

My life work thus far has been in dairy farming, excepting a short time spent in Ohio as a teacher. I have run no races, nor written any books, neither jumped into matrimony, and the incidents of my public acts are mostly of a religious character, and of the kind which laymen generally contribute to this service. I keep up reading in a general way, and although no stranger to manual toil, I thoroughly believe in work with head, hand and heart. The last meeting was a real source of pleasure because of the active interest each manifested in the welfare of the College and the help given in the progress of humanity in his own sphere of influence.

C. B. ROE.

SARGENT.

CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE,
Brookline, N. H., Oct. 24, 1881.

DEAR CLASSMATES:

There is very little in my history since the last "Chronicles" were published that would be of especial interest to any of '66. Life in a country parish, while varied with the trifles that make up its existence, is exceedingly tame and uninteresting to an outsider.

As I was twelve years ago, so I am, to-day, pastor of the Congregational Church in this place, among a people, many of whom have become very dear to me, endeavoring to accomplish the little or much that duty suggests. Providence has been very kind to us, and no severe sickness or greater trial has entered our home. Invitations from other and larger fields, containing

inducements to sunder the tie that binds us to this place and people, have been received, but as yet none have seemed sufficiently significant to warrant acceptance.

As to titles—honors are easy, so far as I am concerned. I have expounded theology, written proclamations, drawn up wills, settled disputes, run a farm and saw-mill, administered on an estate, superintended schools, and other things too numerous to mention, and the sole honor above that which installation gave me, is comprehended in "G. C.," which, being interpreted, means, chief State officer in a small social insurance society; and yet I am happy, contented and good—to entertain any of '66, who will favor me with a call.

Yours in the bonds,

F. D. SARGENT.

SEIPLE.

The latest postal information, a few months since, gives his address as Landisville, Pa., and in the absence of any information to the contrary, it is presumed that he is still practicing law at that place.

SMALL.

In the summer of '66 I went West, and spent one year farming in southern Illinois; then went to Missouri and spent six months engineering on the extension of the Iron Mountain Railroad. Returned to Boston in 1868, and put in four years as assistant wharfinger of Boston Wharf, and three more as superintendent of Roberts' paper mill at Waltham. January, 1875, I came to Baldwinsville, built and started a paper mill under the firm name of Small, Gould & Co. Mr. Gould dying the next year, the whole management of the mill has been left to me up to the present time. Two years ago I began traveling the crooked and narrow way to the United States Patent Office, which has resulted in the formation of the Union Carpet Lining Company of Boston. The result of seven years' work here has

been largely experience, for which I have paid the usual price. Nevertheless, I am still in the market to buy, and have none to sell, as I consider it the best money a man can coin his time into.

So much for business. As for family, I have a wife and three boys, that are all any one could desire (I mean in quality), a good house on a hill, from which I can see twenty miles north to the Grand Monadnock Mountain, fifteen east to Wachuset, and west to the Green Mountains of Vermont, and where I should be most happy to see any member of '66. "ΚΑΔ ΔΥΝΑΜΙΝ ΕΤΔΕΙΝ," which (if my knowledge of Greek serves me right) being interpreted is—"Whoop her up for '66."

H. M. SMALL.

SMITH (1st).

The mastery of the English High School of Boston still engages Smith's time and attention, and as the years pass it becomes more apparent that the customary grip of the "Hub" upon its denizens and devotees is firmly fastened upon Smith. In a recent letter he says that but for the sudden death of a sister he would have been present at the last reunion of '66 at Amherst, and continues: "It would give me great pleasure to meet my classmates and renew my youth in talking over what was enjoyable in our college experience."

SMITH (2d).

TILLIPALLY, Jaffna, Ceylon,
Aug. 22, 1881.

In 1886 I hope, D. V., to be on hand to share in the exercises—a sufficiently seedy alumnus of twenty years' standing. I have now been out here just ten years, and with the exception of three months in 1877 and three months this year, spent on the hills in South India, I have had no vacations and no relief from constant work.

In 1878 I removed from Manipay to Tillipally, in order to take charge of the Training and Theological Institute at this

place. This station is nearly twice as extensive and populous as Manipay, having 20,000 inhabitants within a radius of three miles from my house, with twenty day schools besides the Institute, which is really an Anglo-vernacular normal school, with about forty boarders and no day scholars. Until last January, however, I had to retain charge of all my old work at Manipay, including the depository and printing office, the dispensary, medical class, &c., &c., because we had no man to put there in my place. Now, however, we have a lay missionary at Manipay, and I am happily relieved of a good deal of work which I could not do well while not living at that place. I have also had to try my hand as architect and master builder on rather an extensive scale for one untrained in such work, in planning and superintending the erection of new buildings for the Oodoovil Female Boarding School, which is four and a half miles away from my own station. The Women's Board gave us \$6,000 for this, but we have spent \$8,000 or more, and now they are not very willing to make a supplementary grant. The buildings are to accommodate 100 boarders, besides comprising a large school room, several recitation rooms, and a suite of apartments for one or two young ladies from America to preside over the school. The building is only one story high, but it is rather extensive, about 260 feet in extreme length with average width of 50 feet. It is irregularly cruciform, is built of cut coral stone and burned brick, and has a very strong truss roof, covered with tiles imported from India. This has taken much of my time and strength for two years past, and it is not even yet finished, though I hope to get it done in two months or so.

We are also raising a local endowment for this school in the shape of fifty scholarships for the aid of pupils who cannot themselves pay all the fees. The government here gives liberal aid according to the results of a thorough annual examination by a good inspector, and we have undertaken to support the school hereafter with no aid from America excepting for the salary of the foreign preceptress.

I still have charge of the entire system of elementary education in the Ceylon Mission of the American Board. There is a

native Board of Education, with an efficient secretary and executive committee, whom I have to manage and train in the conduct of the schools; and it is often, as you can easily imagine, more difficult to work through them than it would be to deal directly with the schools in a more autocratic way. But, we want to train the native Christians to habits of self-dependence and self-government in all these matters, and so we throw upon them all the responsibility which they can possibly meet. We have now under the control of this Board of Education about 150 schools with over 200 teachers and nearly 10,000 pupils. With an annual grant in aid of about \$600 from the Mission, these schools earn nearly \$12,000 annually from the Government by their annual examinations. I have to be responsible for the expenditure of all these funds, to pass upon every teacher's salary, to correspond with the Director of Public Instruction, and keep myself informed as fully as possible of the state of each school. I also hold teachers' institutes and annual written prize examinations, and do all that I can to promote the efficiency and value of the schools from a missionary point of view.

But all this is supplementary to the work of preaching to the heathen in the school houses and in their own homes, and in my study when they come to see me on errands of various kinds, often with a very palpable axe to grind. There is probably no part of the heathen, at least of the Hindu heathen world where the influence of Christianity has more thoroughly permeated the community; where prejudices and misconceptions have been so fully removed; where so much progress in the enlightenment of the people has been made; and still the masses remain nominally heathen, attached to the heathen festivals as grand public holidays, as Americans are to the 4th of July and muster-day and cattle show, and though intellectually convinced of the claims of Christianity, they are unwilling to become Christians because it has not yet become the popular religion. Of course, what they really need is a sense of personal need of what Christianity offers them. As fast as individuals feel this they become bold to come out as Christians, and what we want is a genuine revival of religion. Nearly all of our thirteen churches are now entirely self-

supporting and provided with ordained native pastors. The church communicants number nearly 1,000 in our mission, and about as many more in the two English missions in Jaffna, and there is a steady, though as yet not rapid, net gain every year. Every year we hope to see more rapid growth, but even with the present rate of increase it is only a question of time. I can reply, then, to your kind inquiry, that my "work is progressing," not to my entire "satisfaction," but certainly to my "encouragement."

I don't believe any one of my classmates is more contented with his work than I am with mine, and I don't believe I should be able to do as much good in any sphere at home as I certainly have reason to feel that I am doing here.

My health has been pretty good, but nearly two years ago I had a severe attack of inflammation of the throat and nose. That left me afflicted with a chronic catarrhal affection which will always remain with me, I fear. It does not, however, now affect my general health, and by being very careful not to catch cold, I get along without any annoyance at all from this source of weakness. I have been greatly benefited by the three months on the hills. They are really mountains from 7,000 to 8,000 feet high. My father-in-law, Dr. Fairbank, of Western India, met us there, and remained with us all the while, and he and I tramped the whole range over, collecting ferns and birds, and enjoying a rare experience of life in the open air, without injury from our tropical sun. I hope to hold on now till 1885, and then go home for a more complete and thorough change. My wife, too, is pretty well, and our three little girls, nine, seven and three years old, have come back from the hills almost as rosy and rugged as if they had never seen Ceylon. I have made a long story of it, and feel almost ashamed to send so much in reply to your brief note to me, but I hope you won't feel utterly bored.

My salutation to all the fellows, and a cordial invitation to any who may be making the grand tour to switch off at Colombo or Point de Galle, and take the island steamer "Serendib" for a trip round Ceylon and a visit to their classmate and friend,

THOS. S. SMITH.

SPEAR (1st).

The President of the class, now a confirmed "third termmer," displays no trace of imperialistic tendencies in this brief sketch of his fortunes :

"I am still in the active practice of the law at 22 Pine Street. New York city, and a partner in the law firm of Strong & Spear. New clients and larger fees every year are a sure sign of prosperity. My business, and the care of a large Sunday School in Brooklyn, of which I am superintendent, leave me with no time 'to kill.' Come and see me."

SPEAR (2d).

The one redeeming feature about life, for a long or short time in the "Queen City of the West,"—Heaven save the mark,—and the city, are Spear's editorials in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which continues daily to flash through the smoke which envelops the unfortunate town, "like a raisin in a pie" (*vide* "Upidee"), and to instruct the faithful of the Democratic fold in their political duty. Every summer, like a wise editor and philosopher, Spear visits New York and Coney Island, seeking rest and brain food for the winter's campaign, a quest in which he appears always most successful.

[Address by Hon. J. EDWIN SPEAR, of Cincinnati, on taking the chair as temporary president of the State Democratic Convention, at Columbus, O., July 13, 1881:]

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: The Democracy of Ohio are once more gathered together to pay their annual vow. We are to mark another circle in the years of the oak. We are met to add another leaf to the perennial laurel. We are gathered to pay homage to an ancient and honorable party. [Applause.] We are met as Paul, at the Three Taverns, to thank God and take courage. [Applause.] We have not finished the course, but we have "fought a good fight;" "we have kept the faith." [Renewed applause.] Though yet in the wilderness, the true Democracy, like the children of Israel, find water in the rocks and manna on the ground. [Applause.] In its exalted mission to lift up the lowly, Democracy in defeat is a conqueror. [Applause.] Socrates, the sublime, bare-footed Democrat, proclaimed the doctrine that the king was no greater than his sub-

ject, and Athens gave him the hemlock, but the doctrine lived. [Applause.] When Lord Russell, a modern Democrat, was hauled through the streets of London as an intimidating spectacle to his place of execution in an open coach, the multitude, we are told, imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue seated by his side. When Sir Harry Vane, another Democrat, was dragged to Tower Hill to be beheaded, a keen-eyed Englishman said: "You never sat on so glorious a seat." The Democracy of Ohio are, or should be, at least, equal to the earlier martyrs.

Now, in the hour of pride and hope, the Democracy of Ohio should abate no effort, should omit no vigilance to make our great cause triumphant—not in defeat, but in victory. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the election upon which we are entering is a State election—a local election for local officers. It would ill become me even to suggest to the Convention what its action should be upon any subject springing up before it. Current events invite its attention to several important topics. Whether or not, as the humanities are non-partisan, the management of the charitable institutions of the State should be free from partisan changes or appointment; whether or not the legislative sessions of the General Assembly should be permanently shortened; whether or not the late Republican Legislature was well behaved; whether or not Ohio should vote in November with the other States, that voters may not be lead into temptation; whether or not taxation should be lower and more equitably distributed; whether or not convict labor should be allowed to impoverish honest labor [prolonged applause], making the criminal during his punishment, as before, the destroyer of honest men [renewed applause]; whether or not the merit system is better than the spoils system in the Civil Service of the country; whether or not the intimidation of voters by capitalists and employers of men is hostile to the spirit of free institutions [loud applause] and a peril to the Republic; whether or not the farmers of Ohio have an equal chance in fact and in law—these questions, or to some of these, and some others pertinent to this State election, the Convention, I doubt not, will address itself with wisdom and patriotism [applause].

Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy, and I will show my gratitude by detaining you no longer from the business of the Convention [renewed applause].

OFFICIAL VOTE OF OHIO, OCTOBER, 1881, FOR GOVERNOR.

Foster, rep.....	312,735
Bookwalter, dem.....	288,426

Democratic minority..... 24,309

SPOFFORD.

Nothing has been heard from Spofford since his laconic communication of May 16, 1874, which may be found, in full, in the Chronicles of the Class of 1866 (second series), page 31.

TWICHELL.

DEAR CLASSMATES:

My parable (see Chronicles, '74) continues thus: Ten years of continuous work in Burdett, N. Y., made it necessary to stop the machinery in order to make needed repairs. We moved to Auburn, N. Y., in June, 1880, and we probably shall remain here a few months longer. The latch string is out, at all times, for any of you, provided you can endure the noise made by two of the wildest of boys. At present am in good health and hope for good things in the future.

Yours in the bonds of '66,

TWICHELL.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 8th, '81.

VALENTINE.

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

Less than a year a Benedick, overrun with liberal and lucrative clients, what could be more appropriate than the Wordsworth quotation with which Valentine closes his record:

"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

VROOMAN.

From the forthcoming record of non-graduates in preparation by Prof. Montague, we learn that, after leaving Amherst in the fall of 1863, Vrooman entered the Freewill Baptist ministry and became, subsequently, professor of ancient languages in the

Michigan State Normal School, and was also editor in 1866 of the "Western Odd Fellow," and in 1873-77 of "The School." In 1869 Vrooman received the degree of A. M. honorary from Hillsdale (Mich.) College.

WEBB.

Writing from Beverly, Mass., under date of November 9, 1881, Webb says:

I have been settled at Great Falls, N. H., since the last "Chronicles," till August 1, 1881. I then resigned on account of a trouble with my throat. I hope to resume my work in a few months. I have lost two children by diphtheria, Willie Boyden, and Ellen Augusta Webb—both dying the same day, March 6, 1879. I have now one child, Louisa Lincoln Webb, born Oct. 21, 1878.

WESTON (1st).

I was ordained at North Bennington, Vt., Oct. 13th, 1869; called from there to Sharon, Mass., and was installed pastor of the Congregational Church, Sept. 2d, 1874. An attack of lung fever followed by inflammatory rheumatism last winter and spring left a serious difficulty in the right lung, and I was compelled to give up the active duties of the ministry. My professional cares (and *emoluments*) ceased Aug. 1st; but by vote of the church, I retain the nominal relation of pastor. Am encouraged to believe that with proper care my health may be so far restored that I can eventually resume my chosen work.

My heartfelt wishes for the prosperity of all members of '66, and especially do I extend the hand of sympathy to any who, like myself, have been called to suffer,

H. C. WESTON.

SHARON, Nov. 2d, 1881.

WESTON (2d).

MARIETTA, OHIO, Oct. 8, 1881.

I claim but little space in the new Chronicles of '66. Still an employee of the government on river improvement; still a bachelor, it may be inferred that my paths have been those of peace. They continue to lead along the Ohio river and tributaries. After several years of miscellaneous duty along shore there followed two seasons of engineering work in quiet West Virginia and two more in this not unquiet town of Marietta. Between jobs I look around the country and in the spring of 1878 I joined the procession and spent a few months in Europe.

That is about all of my story that is of interest or needs to be recorded.

Yours very truly,

WESTON (2d).

Among the good things of that reunion dinner at the Amherst House, June 29th, was this:

MARIETTA, OHIO, June 19, 1881.

With a little effort I think I could forward three vulgar dollars, and I would very much like a reserved seat to reunite and dine with 'Sixty-six, but it is not among the possibilities that I will be able to do so.

It is a matter of congratulation that so many of us have successfully solved the fifteen puzzle, and I hope you will have a pleasant celebration of it.

I once wondered if anything more was going to be needed to civilize and perfect the world after '66 had got done with it! Now that we have had the field for fifteen years, perhaps the question is not so difficult of solution as it once seemed to be. My faith was great and thus far I have been improvident enough to provide no recruits to carry on the conflict if we don't close it up. Greater minds have no doubt had greater wisdom, for, after looking over the field a little, I conclude that 'Sixty-six is not going to get a perfect polish on the globe, and that the old college can safely go on letting loose its yearly class upon the world. They may regret that they were not born earlier, but notwithstanding all our efforts there is likely to be some promising territory left for them to grab and cultivate.

However, this is but one opinion based on observations from a single station. If the class gets a cheerful dinner and then decides that we have actually got the "bulge" on the planet, please expect a cheer from your ob't servant,

WESTON (2d).

WHEELER.

Since Wheeler's last report from the paternal fireside at South Butler, N. Y., in 1874, he has followed the course of empire westward and now practices law at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska.

WHITAKER.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ROOMS,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 18, 1881.

I reply to your circular of May 30th, in which you are kind enough to harrow my social soul with the information that the 15th anniversary of our graduation will be celebrated by a feast at the Amherst House on the eve of June 29th. You can, perhaps, picture my state of disappointment at the receipt of this intelligence, after being firmly satisfied ("in my own mind") that my suggestion of San Francisco's renowned "Palace" would be only too readily accepted by my appreciative classmates, and that a reunion of '66, by the "Gates of the Golden City of the West," would prove an event memorable for generations to come. My conceit was promptly reduced by your circular, however. I bow to the will of the majority, though quite vividly mindful of some portion of our college instruction leading us to believe that majorities are always *wrong*.

One point in your circular, however, is of such personal interest to myself, and so nearly reflects upon my acknowledged reputation for peace and gentleness, that I must remonstrate. You would brand me before our classmates as a "serious objector." To this calumny, in spite of my denial of the charge, I *do* object. Though members of '66, through our lengthy separation, may have become oblivious to my gentle traits, fortunately I am now but too well established among a new constituency, whose clinging trust would not be disturbed should this libellous tract reach them—which it *will not*. But, *verb. sap.*, I rely upon you to take advantage of the coming occasion to appeal to the assembled and doubtless representative members of our class, to refute the attempt at calumny of an absent member, and to denounce the calumniator. I am an "orfan," or, if that hath no power to

contract the tendons of their callous hearts, I am *worse*—I am the sire of *twins*. To endorse this plea, if necessary, I call upon my old friend Walley, whose domestic reputation is beyond question, and who “knows well, how it is himself.” With him I rest my case.

Revenons à nos moutons—I am rejoiced to know that the class of '66 is at last going to have a *bona fide* feast and reunion. As a class, we have been peculiarly unfortunate or peculiarly foolish about these matters, never, I believe, cordially uniting in any memorial occasion, or social jollification, without some split or schism. Our class *organization* was “a house divided against itself” for a great portion of our course, while the class-day supper—the most tender and sacred occasion of college career—went by default, a sacrifice to petty, party strife.

The effect of the meeting this year will be, I doubt not, to wipe out all the party spirit of the past, and to bring about a complete and general reconciliation, resurrect the old class feelings and sentiments, and revive in the heart of every classmate some of the old pride which clothed us in college days.

I regret, I need not add, that Amherst is so far from this port, else I might be one of your number assembled. I shall be with you in spirit. When the moment arrives and the edict, “*Nunc est bibendum*,” goes forth, consider me present, for at such times do *spirits* move, rise up and go out to seek their mates.

As you are probably aware our class has three representatives on the Pacific coast, Paine, Blake, and myself. I know of no more, but hope others will join us. Paine is far in the southern part of the State. That leaves Blake and myself in this city. We can hardly “flock together” with any degree of satisfaction. Two is not enough. Send us some recruits and we will inaugurate a reunion of our own.

I shall await with interest some account of your assembling, those present and their proceedings.

Trusting that our 20th gathering may bring us together (myself included), I can only say: Long live Amherst College and the Class of 'Sixty-six.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED E. WHITAKER.

WOOD.

Although a personal note, the secretary believes no confidence is violated in publishing entire the following characteristic letter from Wood :

I must apologize for my delay in sending my return to your circular of September 10 last, not on the ground of pressure of business, nor any diversion, but because of a great sorrow. I have lost both my little ones; the last one, a most delightful little girl, being very sick when your letter came, and passing away a few days after. We were left in desolation, and I had no heart to write for the Chronicles, or any other matter requiring attention. Beyond the brief joy taken in our little boy and girl, and the enduring pain upon losing them, my experience since graduating has been that of the ordinary country lawyer, serene, patient, and hopeful. My fees have been moderate in size, moderate in number, but immense in expectation. I am satisfied as to the law that "there's millions in it," but it takes a rare chap to realize even a respectable fraction thereof. But the greatest success in life is contentment. Ambition is often disappointed—contentment, never; and if I can attain to the latter and maintain it unruffled through every vicissitude, other ends may be permitted to shape themselves as they may.

Yours very truly,

ALLENTOWN, PA.,

WINSLOW WOOD.

Nov. 2, 1881.

 WOODBURY.

640 E. MADISON AVENUE,
CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 2, 1881.

I have just been reading the second series of our Chronicles kindly sent me by Bridgman. I cannot help but think, as I lay the little pamphlet down, that our choice of secretary has been a most happy one. Who else would show such pertinacity in tracing the wandering boys ("where is my wandering boy to-night?") of 1866 save him who even in the old Amherst days delighted in nothing better than a "still hunt" after the true family home of those many reduplicated aōrists Æschylus used

to exercise such malignity in creating and Kuhne such convenient carelessness in omitting to tabulate? Long may he continue to catch, cook, and serve us hot and spitted for each other's gastronomic delight. I suppose his modesty may compel him to edit out this part of my letter,* but, I appeal to you all, he has no right under penalty of being shown "How To Travel" out of his position, thus to trifle with the discretion it gives him. If he does, I'll print something good, little, rosy-red "Dick" Mather told me about him the other day. Dick married his wife (Mrs. Mather No. 2) here the other day. I wonder where all the rest of them are—"Monty" and "Tietaps" and Crowell. *Fortemque Gyan fortemque Cleanthum?*

Crowell, by the way, gave me my wife (the only really good thing save the suggestion of the translation "fresh-men" for Cicero's *novi homines*, he ever did give me), although not intentionally. It was in this funny way: He had—still has, for aught I know—a maiden sister, principal or head teacher, or something of the sort, in the seminary for young ladies at Fox Lake, Wis. He sent her a Williams Quarterly (you, boys, don't need reminding that I left Amherst for Williams at the end of Junior year to let two years of plenty fill up the void inflicted by two years of [ah me, self-inflicted—*O me miserum, eroe eleleu*] famine) containing a few verses I had written on the Assassination of Lincoln. She happened to get the lines just before going to meet her rhetorical class. She hadn't looked up any exercise for reading. She must have something right away. She glanced them over. They would do, "better than nothing," she thought, "and they can be plastered over a little." In her anxiety to atone for the hurried selection she had made, she must have calcimined it pretty thoroughly, for a young lady in the class sought out the acquaintance of the "young author" (I believe that was Miss Crowell's expression) believing (and very rightly) that he must have exceedingly proper and salutary traits of mind thus to be endorsed by a spinster in charge of a female seminary.

"All this was in the olden Time, long ago."

* No you don't, modesty never did serious harm to any member of '66. H. L. B.

Now we have a pleasant household and four children : Bertha, aged 11 ; Hope, aged 4 ; Vincent, aged 2, and Monteith, a fraction of 1.

Since writing you before, I have run a daily paper one year (Lieut.-Gov. Bross, of Chicago, told me, while riding to Garfield's grave last Monday, "no man's life is complete without that experience") and organized an oil company. The Standard has bought us out and I am on the retired list. What I shall do next I don't know.

What do you say to the wheat-growing business in Dakota ?

C. J. W.

Along with the foregoing came this, which is too good and characteristic to lose:

Cut and maul this screed all you want to. It's a rainy Sunday and that's the cause of it. Not being a missionary, I don't suppose I have any right to take up so much room, but my memories got to running away with me, and you don't know how much I choke off what I want to babble about in this delightful half-public, half-private way offered so attractively in the *Chronicles*. My excuse must be Pascal's: "I haven't time to make it shorter."

How the individualities of all the boys come up before me—phlegmatic Phelps, reckless Morrill, King who knew of wassail, Plin Bartlett, and Parkhurst,

"His brow sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Ah well, the days of *my* pilgrimage (at least) are few and evil, and they are not come up to the days of the pilgrimage of my fathers. Ah, my boy,

When all the world is old,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale,
And all the wheels run down,
And we creep home and take our place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant we find one face there,
We loved when we were young.

Your loving classmate,

CHAS. J. WOODBURY.

ZIEGLER.

GREEN CASTLE, PA., June 22d, 1881.

I have seen a good deal of the world and a good many people, but Amherst is the *greenest* spot in my memory, and the friendships of '65 and '66 are the most precious I have ever made. I am a *dyed-in-the-wool* believer in New England in general, *and* in old Amherst and '66 in particular. I shall now look forward the more impatiently to our 5th reunion, hoping there is still a "chance left" for me.

Must I make a report of myself? Alas, I have little to add to what the class already know of me. I am still at Green Castle, teaching, not wholly unsuccessful, loving my work and thinking it—next to one—the grandest calling under the sun—in all, slowly educating *myself* in things I ought to have known from the beginning, certainly long before I ventured to show myself at the door of the Freshman class at Amherst. I enjoy excellent health, and ought to, as I take a great deal of exercise and teach only eight months out of the twelve. I am still a bachelor—not the less happy, I may say, on that account—if you married fellows will not challenge that as heresy too rank for utterance. However, my opinions on that subject are not *iron-clad*.

Please assure all my classmates of my deepest interest in them; let them contrive from time to time to *get into the newspapers* that I may keep on following them up with rejoicing. Say to them that, with them, I do not forget "Our Dead." Our class, it is true, grows smaller; but we who are left will only have to redouble our efforts to keep steadily advancing the work to which our common advantages at Amherst have forever pledged us. I remain as always, faithfully yours,

G. FRED. ZIEGLER.

THE ROLL.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

"All present or accounted for."

THE LIVING.

† Did not graduate.

‡ A.M. in course, 1869.

P. O. Address.

EDWARD N. BAKER † Pittsfield, Mass.

Married, December 13th, 1865, Abbie M. Puffer; Catharine W. Baker, born March 24th, 1867; Edward A., born November 3d, 1868 (died November 24th, 1873); Walter N., born August 27th, 1870; Ernest M., born June 15th, 1872 (died February 2d, 1873); Frederick W., born January 24th, 1874.

REV. ALBERT H. BALL † New Haven, Conn.

Married, August 30th, 1870, Helen M. Savage; Allen Perley Ball, born December 17th, 1871; Walter L. Ball, Oct. 1875; Margie E. Ball, April, 1878.

PROF. E. HUBBARD BARLOW ‡ West Lebanon, N. H.

Married, November 25th, 1867, Abby J. Smith; Margaret Barlow, born June 23d, 1873; Harrington, born Oct. 14, 1878.

PLINY BARTLETT, † Land D't A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kan.

Married, September 15th, 1870, Julia K. Varney; Nellie Bartlett, born January 15th, 1873.

WILLIAM BELCHER New London, Conn.

Married, October 6th, 1871, Annie Pimer; Gregory Belcher, born July 25th, 1872; Louise Belcher, born January 2d, 1874 (died February 13th, 1874).

REV. N. H. BELL Nunda, N. Y.

Married August 11th, 1868, Emma H. Curtiss; Herbert Bell, born August 4th, 1869 (died January 15th, 1870); Gertrude, born April 4th, 1871; Frank, born September 29th, 1872 (died January 10th, 1873); Maud, born May 30th, 1874; Florence, born May 23d, 1878.

EDWARD N. BISHOP † Windsor, Vt.

P. O. Address.

MAURICE B. BLAKE † (417 *Kearny st.*), San Francisco, Cal.
 Married, October 17th, 1870, Mattie H. Eastman; Mary Eastman Blake, born March 17, 1877; Theodore, born November 21, 1881.

REV. J. H. BLISS † Clinton, Conn.
 Married, November 10th, 1859, Florence A. Russell; Edward Henry Bliss, born October 8th, 1870; Mary Florence, born April 16th, 1872; Frank Russell, born July 15th, 1873; Annie Taylor, born October 31st, 1874; Gracie Williams, born May 7, 1876 (died February 11th, 1877); Alice Emery, born January 29th, 1878; Eveline Hull, born December 2d, 1879.

JOSEPH BOARD¹ Chester, Orange Co., N. Y.
 Married, June 3d, 1868, Josephine B. Curry (died April 6th, 1869); married, November 3d, 1871, Hannah A. Curry; J. Orton Board, born September 4th, 1872; Helen, born — (died —); Anna Tibbetts, born —; Ben Curry, born —.

WILLIAM R. BOND † Chicago, Ill.

REV. H. C. BRADBURY Lincoln Center, Kansas.
 Married, October 25th, 1875, Elma A. Boblet; Augusta U. Bradbury, born July 28th, 1876; Eunice, born September 1st, 1878; Mary I., born December 1st, 1880.

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN † (604 *Carlton av.*) Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Married, October 7th, 1868, Melia Newhall; Robert Bridgman, born November 24th, 1874.

S. WALLEY BROWN † (1130 *Broadway*), New York City.
 Married, March 30th, 1875, Carrie R. Brigham; William Brigham and Kate Ingersoll Brown, born February 14th, 1876 (Kate Ingersoll died August 8th, 1876); Bessie Frances, born August 29th, 1877.

CHARLES H. CHANDLER † (*Herald Office*), Boston, Mass.
 Married, July 25th, 1866, Stella Shepard Bardwell; Lillian Anna Laura Chandler, born June 16th, 1867.

REV. R. M. COLE Erzroom, Turkey.
 Married, July 1st, 1868, Lizzie Cobleigh. Five children; two living.

N. S. COOLEY Longmeadow, Mass.

REV. P. D. COWAN Wellesley, Mass.
 Married, October 26th, 1870, Margaret E. Rhea; Margaret McClung Cowan, born February 3d, 1876 (died November 8th, 1879).

¹ Graduated 1867.

P. O. Address.

REV. S. I. CURTISS¹ (*Chicago Theo. Sem.*), Chicago, Ill.

Married, May 10th, 1870, Mrs. Laura W. Sessions (*nee* Walker); Paul Curtiss, born October 11th, 1871 (died December 10th, 1871); Pauline, born December 5th, 1872; John Christlieb, born September 29th, 1874; Victor Delitzsch, born June 14th, 1876 (died August 20th, 1876).

REV. J. E. DAME Swampscott, Mass.

Married, February 14th, 1874, L. Lillian Montgomery.

R. E. DAVISON† Springfield, Mass.

Married, May 29th, 1869, Eliza H. Clark (died June 2d, 1869).

PROF. SAMUEL J. DIKE (63 *Lexington avenue*), N. Y. City.

JOSEPH W. FAIRBANKS† Easthampton, Mass.

Married, December 31st, 1868, Ellen M. Cutting; Gertrude Maria Fairbanks, born October 28th, 1869; Helen Louise, born August 31st, 1871.

REV. R. D. FISH† Boston, Mass.

Married, February 18th, 1874, Mrs. Malvina Knowlton.

REV. W. P. FISHER Brunswick, Me.

REV. E. W. GAYLORD Georgetown, Md.

Married, July 27th, 1871, Annie E. Foulk; Mary Ellinor Gaylord, born December 2d, 1872; Cordelia Dickinson, born December 2d, 1872; Edward Dickinson, born September 18th, 1877; Ella Cropper, born May 17th, 1881.

REV. GEORGE HARRIS Providence, R. I.

Married, December 24th, 1873, Jane Anthony Viall. Son died.

THOMAS HORTON Sacramento, Cal.

GEO. W. HUFFORD† Indianapolis, Ind.

Married, June 25th, 1868, Lois P. Grosvenor. Four children.

PROF. A. S. KIMBALL † Worcester, Mass.

Married, December 1st, 1866, Eunice M. Beede (died July 24th, 1868); married, Ellie M. Everett, July 14th, 1871; Albert Beede Kimball, born December 29th, 1867; Everett, born October 6th, 1873; Eleanor, born 1879.

MORRIS K. KING† (274 *East Main st.*), Norfolk, Va.

Married, June 6th, 1870, Julia Goddard; Georgiana King, born August 5th, 1871; Ellen Morris, born May 5th, 1876; Margaret Goddard, born August 18th, 1878; John Steins, born March 31st, 1880.

¹ Graduated 1867.

P. O. Address.

- A. C. LIPPITT, JR.† New London, Conn.
 JOHN W. MARSH¹ (135 *Clark street*), Chicago, Ill.
 Married, October 9th, 1872, Annie Silsby Porter; John Porter
 Marsh, born February 24th, 1874.
- HENRY H. MERRIAM† Worcester, Mass.
 Married, September 1st, 1863, Marielle E. Harlon.
- JOHN A. MOODY (*City Clerk's Office*), Chicago.
 Married, July, 1868, Hattie G. Bowers; Hattie Cleaveland
 Moody, born September 7th, 1869; Margaret Ethel, born April,
 1872.
- JULIUS A. MORRILL† Bellows Falls, Vt.
 Married, November 1st, 1866, Sarah Chamberlain Bell; Ger-
 trude Lee Morrill, born September 18th, 1867; Calvin, born
 September 14th, 1869 (died June 22d, 1871); Henry Bell, born
 November 19th, 1871; Julie Foote Chamberlain, born June 3d,
 1873; George Pillsbury, born October 27th, 1874; James Perci-
 val, born June 6th, 1876.
- REV. LEWIS F. MORRIS Bethany, Conn.
 Married, July 18, 1871, Helen Vedder; Louis Vedder Morris,
 born September 10th, 1872; Arthur Plant, born February 18th,
 1874.
- VINCENT MOSES† West Medway, Mass.
 Married, August 24th, 1874, Evelyn Alice Hazeltine (died Au-
 gust 6th, 1875).
- PROF. H. H. NEILL Amherst, Mass.
 Married, December 22d, 1875, Abby W. Redfield.
- REV. S. D. NOYES Florida, N. Y.
 Married, October 16th, 1867, S. Louise Beemer; Maud Louise
 Noyes, born May 26th, 1871; Horace Dutton, born January
 15th, 1873. Two children born later.
- CHARLES R. PAINE San Bernardino, Cal.
 Married, June, 1868, Mary E. Craig; Winifred Mabel Paine,
 born March 27th, 1869; Grace Gertrude, born November 22d,
 1871; Mary Alice, born September 16th, 1873; Lucy Elizabeth,
 born June 2d, 1875; Charlotte, born August 27th, 1879; Wil-
 liam Craig, born March 24th, 1881.
- REV. C. H. PARKHURST † (5 *East 30th st.*), New York City.
 Married, November 23d, 1870, Nellie R. Bodman.

¹ Graduated 1868.

P. O. Address.

DR. HENRY T. PEIRCE (247 *East 116th street*), N. Y. City.
Married, October 12th, 1876, Mary Saylor; Maida Peirce,
born August 27th, 1881.

HENRY V. PELTON Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Married, September 29th, 1875, Kate E. Williams; Ernest W.
Pelton, born August 7th, 1880.

JOHN W. PHELPS† Springfield, Mass.
Married Helen E. Clark; Willis Phelps, born 1866.

REV. J. C. PLUMB† Hannibal, Mo.
Married, August 12th, 1868, Elizabeth F. Blackmer; Caroline
Hale Plumb, born July 9th, 1871; Elizabeth Hayes, born Octo-
ber 17th, 1873; Carlton Harvey, born July 24th, 1875; Joseph
Jewett, born December 24th, 1877 (died May 19th, 1879).

REV. S. B. RAND Amherst, Mass.
Married, September 7th, 1869, Mary A. Hall; Sarah Cornelia
Rand, born December 4th, 1870; Fred. Hall, born July 22d,
1872 (died December 31st, 1874); Mary Alice, born December
17th, 1874; Laura Bradfield, born September 30th, 1876; Wil-
berforce Judson, born February 20th, 1881.

ALVIN B. RICE† Panama, N. Y.
Married, February 23d, 1868, Helen M. Davis.

CHARLES B. ROE Oxford, N. Y.

REV. F. D. SARGENT Brookline, N. H.
Married, October 19th, 1869, Emma S. Taylor; Bertha Louise
Sargent, born March 19th, 1873; Florence Gertrude, born July
8th, 1878.

HENRY F. SEIPLE Landisville, Pa.
Married, April 16th, 1868; Arthur William Houston Seiple,
born June 13th, 1869.

HERBERT M. SMALL Baldwinsville, Mass.
Married, February 1st, 1869, Sarah E. Morton; J. Morton
Small, born May 20th, 1870 (died July 13th, 1871); William Mor-
ton, born May 5th, 1875; S. Griswold, born February 23d, 1878;
Herbert M., born June 1st, 1881.

SAMUEL C. SMITH . (*Eng. High School*), Boston, Mass.
Married, July 13th, 1871, Josie H. Riddle (died —); mar-
ried, August 19th, 1874, Clara S. Nye; Curtis Nye Smith, born
January 14th, 1876; Franklin Elmer, born April 4th, 1877.

P. O. Address.

- REV. THOMAS S. SMITH . . . Tillapally, Jaffna, Ceylon.
Married, March 21st, 1871, Emily M. Fairbank; daughters
born, 1872, 1875, 1878.
- ASA A. SPEAR . . . (22 *Pine street*), N. Y. City.
Married, November 3d, 1870, Caroline A. Crocker; Lillian
Caroline Spear, born January 31st, 1872.
- JAMES E. SPEAR . . . (*Enquirer Office*), Cincinnati, O.
- L. W. SPOFFORD Georgetown, Mass.
- GEORGE G. TRASK† . . . (187 *Broadway*), N. Y. City.
Married October 13th, 1875, Mary Chuman; Henry Keith
Trask, born July 1st, 1879.
- REV. E. W. TWICHELL Auburn, N. Y.
Married, October 7th, 1869, S. Frances Garlock; Harry Lem-
uel Twichell, born April 30th, 1873.
- JOSEPH P. VROOMAN† Ypsilanti, Mich.
- SAMUEL H. VALENTINE† (64 *Wall street*), N. Y. City.
Married, February 2d, 1881, Lillie Williams Porter.
- REV. S. W. WEBB Beverly, Mass.
Married, November 7th, 1871, Martha S. Boyden; William
Boyden Webb, born January 12th, 1874 (died March 6th, 1879);
Ellen Augusta, born — (died March 6th, 1879); Louisa Lin-
coln, born October 21st, 1878.
- REV. HENRY C. WESTON Sharon, Mass.
Married, August 18th, 1870, Clara A. Loring; Mary Loring
Weston, born April 15th, 1872; David Brainard, born February
23d, 1874; Sidney A., born December 9th, 1877.
- WILLIAM WESTON . . . (84 *W. Third st.*), Cincinnati, O.
- HILAND H. WHEELER, JR.¹ Lincoln, Neb.
- ALFRED E. WHITAKER San Francisco, Cal.
Married, September 7th, 1877, Laura Edith Gunning; Alfred
Horace and Alfreda Hortense Whitaker, born May 12th, 1880.
- J. WINSLOW WOOD Allentown, Pa.
Married, March 19th, 1878, Jennie Albright; Guy Wood, born
January 8th, 1879 (died September 18th, 1879); Lizzie H., born
June 15th, 1880 (died September 23d, 1881).

¹ Graduated 1868.

P. O. Address.

CHARLES J. WOODBURY † (640 *E. Madison ave.*), Cleveland, O.

Married, February 17th, 1869, Lulu Hall; Winifred Woodbury, born October 30th, 1870; Francis Hall, born June 30th, 1873 (died —); Hope, born 1877; Vincent, born 1879; Monteith, born 1881.

G. FREDERICK ZIEGLER . . . Greencastle, Pa.

THE DEAD.

	<i>Age.</i>
ALLEN, LABAN WHEATON, Hanover, Mass., August 23d, 1875.	31
BRAYTON, GEORGE, Utica, N. Y., April 9th, 1873.	29
FRENCH, JOHN, Kansas City, Mo., August 24th, 1879.	34
Married, September 26th, 1878, Isa Baldwin, Chicago, Ill.	
GAGE, NEHEMIAH HUTCHINSON, Pelham, N. H., July, 1866.	25
HOWER, GEORGE, Weaversville, Pa., March 7th, 1872.	32
PHIPPS, CHARLES RICHARD, Denver, Col., March 17th, 1877.	36
Married, August 7th, 1867, Maria A. Green; Isabel Phipps, born June 29th, 1869; Georgie, born May 6th, 1871.	
ROBERTS, HENRY, Middletown, N. Y., —, 1873.	28
SKINNER, HARRY MORGAN, Hudson, N. Y., September, 1863.	19
WILLIAMS, HINCKLEY WRIGHT, Goshen, Mass., August, 1864.	19

Graduates	51
Non-Graduates	27
Total	<hr/> 78

THE CHILDREN.

Living	104
Dead	24
Total	<hr/> 128

PROFESSIONS.

MINISTRY.

Theological Course.

ALLEN,	Andover Theol. Sem., 1869.
BALL,	Madison Univ. Theol. Sem., 1869.
BELL,	Bangor Theol. Sem., 1868.
BLISS,	Hartford Theol. Inst., 1869.
BRADBURY,	Union Theol. Sem., 1869.
BRAYTON,	Princeton, 1869.
COLE,	Bangor Theol. Sem., 1868.
COWAN,	Union Theol. Sem., 1869. (A. M. East Tenn. Univ., 1870.)
CURTISS,	Union Theol. Sem., 1870. (Ph. D. Leipzig, Germany, 1876; Lic. Th. Berlin, 1878; D. D. Iowa Coll., 1878, Amherst, 1881; elected Prof. Biblical Lit., as above, 1878; now Old Testament Lit. and Interpretation.)
DAME,	New Hampton, N. H., Theol. Inst., 1868.
FISH,	
FISHER,	Union Theol. Sem., 1869.
GAYLORD,	Lane Theol. Sem., 1872.
HARRIS,	Andover Theol. Sem., 1869.
MORRIS,	Studied at Hartford Theol. Inst.
NEILL,	Princeton, 1869.
NOYES,	
PARKHURST,	(D.D. Amherst, 1880.)
PLUMB,	Andover Theol., 1868.
RAND,	Rochester Theol. Sem., 1869.
SARGENT,	Andover Theol. Sem., 1869.
SMITH, 2d,	Andover Theol. Sem., 1869.
TWICHELL,	Auburn Theol. Sem., 1869.
WEBB,	Chicago Theol. Sem., 1869.
WESTON, 1st,	Andover Theol. Sem., 1869.

TEACHING.

BARLOW,	Tilden Female Sem., West Lebanon, N. H.
DIKE,	New York City.

FAIRBANKS,	Williston Sem., Easthampton, Mass. (Ph. D. Amherst College, 1880.)
FRENCH,	
HUFFORD,	High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
KIMBALL,	Free Institute, Worcester, Mass.
SMITH, 1st,	Eng. High School, Boston.
VROOMAN,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
ZIEGLER,	Principal Boys' School, Greencastle, Pa.

LAW.

BLAKE,	SEIPLE,
BELCHER,	SPEAR, 1st,
LIPPITT,	VALENTINE,
MARSH,	WHEELER,
ROBERTS, (Graduated, Yale Coll., 1866.)	WOOD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAKER,	Manufacturer.	MOSES,	Civil Service.
BARTLETT,	"Lit'y Skirmisher."	PAINE,	Horticulturist.
BISHOP,		PEIRCE,	Physician.
BOARD,	Merchant.	PELTON,	Manufacturer.
BOND,	Book-keeper.	PHELPS,	Railroads.
BRIDGMAN,	Journalist.	PHIPPS,	Life Insurance.
BROWN,	Real Estate.	RICE,	Physician.
CHANDLER,	Journalist.	ROE,	Farmer.
COOLEY,	Manufacturer.	SMALL,	Manufacturer.
DAVISON,	Jeweler.	SPEAR, 2d,	Journalist.
HORTON,		SPOFFORD,	
KING,	Railroads.	TRASK,	Fire Insurance.
MERRIAM,	Merchant.	WESTON, 2d,	Civil Engineer.
MOODY,	Civil Service.	WHITAKER,	Librarian.
MORRILL,	Books.	WOODBURY,	Manufacturer.

NOT INCLUDED.

GAGE,	d. 1866.	SKINNER,	d. 1863.
HOWER,	d. 1870.	WILLIAMS,	d. 1864.

SUMMARY.

Ministry	25
Law.	10
Teaching.....	9
Miscellaneous	30
Not otherwise included.....	4
Total.....	<u>78</u>

PUBLICATIONS.

“ The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

BRIDGMAN.—Editor of “ The Chronicles of the Class of '66,” first series, 1869; second series, 1874; third series, 1881; associate editor of the Ninth General Catalogue of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, 1879; publisher of “ How to Travel,” 1881; publisher of “ A Pocket Guide to Europe ” (*in press*).

COWAN.—Editor Tennessee Presbyter, 1873–1875.

CURTISS.—The Name Machabee,* Leipzig, 1876; Bickell's Outlines of Hebrew Grammar,† Leipzig, 1877; The Levitical Priests, Edinburgh, 1877; De Aaronitici Sacerdotii Origine,* Lipsial, 1878; Moses and Deuteronomy, Edinburgh, 1878; A Plea for a more thorough Study of the Semitic Languages in America,‡ Chicago, 1879; Ingersoll and Moses, Chicago, 1880; Delitzsch's Messianic Prophecies,† Edinburgh, 1880; The Date of our Gospels, Chicago, 1881; Delitzsch's Old Testament History of Redemption,† Edinburgh, 1881.

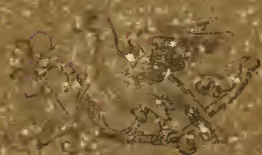
NEILL.—Address commemorative of Elihu Root Walker, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Amherst College, 1881.

VALENTINE.—The American Admiralty, 2d ed., Banks Bros. 1870, pp. 800.

VROOMAN.—Editor Western Odd Fellow, 1866; The School, 1873–1877.

WESTON 1st.—Two Annual School Reports, 1879 and 1880.

* Dissertations. † Translations. ‡ Inaugural address.



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